Dido and Pygmalion

Virgil’s Aeneid, Book 1

Dido rules this empire, having set out from Tyre,

fleeing her brother. It’s a long tale of wrong, with many

windings: but I’ll trace the main chapters of the story.

Sychaeus was her husband, wealthiest, in land, of Phoenicians

and loved with a great love by the wretched girl,

whose father gave her as a virgin to him, and wed them

with great solemnity. But her brother Pygmalion, savage

in wickedness beyond all others, held the kingdom of Tyre.

Madness came between them. The king, blinded by greed for gold,

killed the unwary Sychaeus, secretly, with a knife, impiously,

in front of the altars, indifferent to his sister’s affections.

He concealed his actions for a while, deceived the lovesick girl,

with empty hopes, and many evil pretences.

But the ghost of her unburied husband came to her in dream:

lifting his pale head in a strange manner, he laid bare the cruelty

at the altars, and his heart pierced by the knife,

and unveiled all the secret wickedness of that house.

Then he urged her to leave quickly and abandon her country,

and, to help her journey, revealed an ancient treasure

under the earth, an unknown weight of gold and silver.

Shaken by all this, Dido prepared her flight and her friends.

Those who had fierce hatred of the tyrant or bitter fear,

gathered together: they seized some ships that by chance

were ready, and loaded the gold: greedy Pygmalion’s riches

are carried overseas: a woman leads the enterprise.

The came to this place, and bought land, where you now see

the vast walls, and resurgent stronghold, of new Carthage,

as much as they could enclose with the strips of hide

from a single bull, and from that they called it Byrsa.

Vocabulary Words

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_